



Wetwork



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Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

The cleaner stepped around the scene carefully, surveying the carnage. She looked up and met my gaze. "I can see why you called me. Looks like you guys had quite a party."

I shot a glare at my so-called partner Reggie, sulking in the corner. "Somebody likes to improvise. Sorry for the mess."

"Nothing I can't handle." She gave the room a final sweeping glance. "Fifteen for the stiff, five for the blood, five for the drywall and stuff."

I raised an eyebrow. "Dang. You wanna shoot 'em for me, too? At your prices, plenty of guys I know..."

"Won't cover your ass like me. You know you're paying for quality. And I know you've got it."

I smiled. "Of course." I handed over five stacks of crisp bills. "Twenty five."

She stashed the money in her satchel. "Okay, give me six hours."

"Fine." I turned, and motioned with the tip of my pistol. "C'mon, Reg, let's go. Time to see if you were telling the truth."

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